

Shower encounters by Confettibites

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Summary:

Steve is pissed. No. Actually, Steve should be pissed. What he is is even more confused. He is not nearly as upset with the break-up with Nancy as he could have been, or as he should be according to everyone he has talked to about this. He is not angry with her or Jonathan but feels kind of relieved. Instead, he was separating himself more and more, avoiding talks and explanations until more or less the only socializing were his word-fights with Billy who just would not stop getting on his nerves. Little did Steve know, his behavior actually worried the other and it comes to a confrontation in an unfavorable place.

Shower encounters

Author's Note:

I wrote this a few days after finishing the whole second season in nearly one big binge. I just feel that ship and these two idiots and wanted to write something. Enjoy :) Since this is actually my first fic, so it will be short, it will be plotless and there will probably be a few mistakes. English is not my first language, feel free to correct me.

Steve had been avoiding other people for quite some time now. He was finding himself being busy enough just feeling the looks on him when there was an unintentional meeting with Nancy and/or Jonathan in the hallway. The last thing Steve wanted to do, was to talk about the breakup or his feelings or actually admitting that he was lacking in this department. The only person in that goddamn school that did not treat him any different after these latest developments was nobody but Billy Hargrove, and Steve could very well do without that. What Steve has not been avoiding was going to Basketball practice, but going there always meant confrontation.

Billy Hargrove was, without doubt, a better player than Steve but he was a damn showoff and to loved to play Steve. He knew exactly which buttons to push to drive Steve mad and made him miss almost every throw.

„Almost, Harrington. Almost. I’m sure, next time, you’ll get it. How about some extra practice. You sure need it.“ More than his words it was actually Billys face that was driving Steve insane. That fucking grin, so full of himself. More than once Steve had imagined answering one of that oh so smart remarks with a punch. But mostly Steve just rolls his eyes and continues with the game.

At least Steve had a good way of avoiding further encounters with Billy. Since it was not so much of a joke that his performance was lacking lately, most times his coach asked him to discuss the game later on and Steve volunteered to help to clear up the gym. He usually would not have to let pass more than fifteen minutes, until

the shower was empty and he had a few minutes without comments or weird looks.

It was not the first time, Steve had waited for his teammates to be gone until he went in the shower, so he had developed kind of a routine. Maybe this was what caused him not to notice, that he was, in fact, not alone in the shower this afternoon.

„You very well took your time, Harrington. Probably blowing the coach to convince him to keep you, after this shitty game.“

Steve clenched his jaw and did not move a single inch when he heard the familiar voice from behind him.

„Fuck off.“, Steve said. He actually managed to move his limbs again, so he turned on the water. Maybe going on would scare the other one away.

But Billy intended to stay. He was pumped up from the game and a little on edge from waiting that long. He had not imagined Steve taking that long to appear since Billy usually was one of the first to leave. This day was different. He did not intend on giving Harrington an easy time. Quite the opposite.

„You don't sound like you had fun. Probably doing something wrong. Was the coach again not pleased with your performance?“

Steve sighed. He had started shampooing his hair, but he could hear in Billy's tone that there was no intention of disappearing.

„What do you want?“, Steve asked. He turned around his head and looked in Billy's direction. In fact, Steve was pretty surprised by the look he got. Billy was sitting on a bench in front of some lockers, unshowered and still in his sports-clothes. He was leaning forward, supporting himself on his knees and returning Steve's look with an intense glaze. „Watching me take a shower?“

The way one of Billy's eyebrows moved a little higher followed by both corners of his mouth forming an unsettling smile made Steve immediately regret saying anything at all.

„You wish.“, was the comment Billy made. „Fag.“

Steve sighed, partly in relief, because he was not in the mood for starting a fight. Especially one that was meant for him to lose. In addition, he heard some movement behind him and assumed, Billy finally had enough of this view and was indeed disappear. The muscles on Steves shoulder and back, strained in tension, started to untighten, enabling Steve to breathe a little deeper. This was before he felt a grip on his waist and a head right behind his shoulder, turning out belonging to Billy who had, unnoticed, gotten closer to Steve.

„Hey!“ Steve made half a step forward being stopped only by the wall and shower head in front of him.

„Afraid, pretty boy?“, Billy did not move quite back but he let go of Steve, enabling him to turn around and face the other one.

Steve had clenched his jaw and looked at Billy. He had not left but actually undressed and was standing right in front of him, arms crossed and butt-naked. He was smirking and looking pretty pleased with himself, which made his face almost distracting enough for Steve, not to notice the other one's erection.

The puzzled look on Steve's face made Billy grin even more. „Don't tell me you still aren't over that skinny one that dumped you.“

„Nancy.“, Steve said, still confused since in that moment Nancy was the last thing he was thinking about.

„Nancy. She must have really bewitched you. I mean, you were a shitty player in the first place but today you were just a mess.“

„Thanks.“, Steve spat out. He could not stop himself from rolling his eyes.

„Then what would you call it?“

„I don't know.“, Steve shrugged. He did not want to discuss his performance again and especially not with Billy in the shower.

„Yeah, I thought you wouldn't.“, Billy chuckles. „I think you desperately need to get laid. To get that bitch out of your head.“

„You sure you're not projecting something onto me, dude?“

The mix of confusion and a little excitement in Steve's face was enough for Billy to snap. He used his flat hand to push Steve against his chest until he stumbled right to the wall behind him. Not a second passed until Billy had made up the gap between them, leaving his face just inches apart from Steve's.

„You calling me a damn fag?!“ Billy did not intend to get loud and moved his head to look if he had attracted someone else in the shower. But they were still alone.

„Look, I'm not saying anything.“, said Steve. He used his hand to push some annoying strands of hair away from his forehead. He was feeling the electricity and it was not because he feared of getting punched by Billy who seemed just a little calmer now.

„You better not be.“, said Billy. He swallowed. If Steve did not have known any better, he would have gassed, Billy was nervous.

Against better judgment and just following brief thoughts that went through his head, Steve planted a hand on Billy's waist just like he had done it before. His skin felt warm, twitching a little under Steve's touch.

Steve licked his lip and turned his head lightly. Had he looked into Billy's eyes, the following kiss probably would not have taken him by as much of a surprise.

Billy was anything but a soft kisser. He kissed like he played Basketball. Messy. He teased and he showed off and he made Steve forget how to function for a moment. Billy put one arm behind Steve's head, pulling him closer and enabling him to enter the other one's mouth.

Steve did not know why he returned the kiss in the first place but he definitely knew it, when he felt Billy's other hand forcefully grab his butt and making him moan a little. Steve did not only feel Billy's erection but was feeling his own growing.

„Knew it...“, Billy huffed. „A little action. Just to get you back on

track.“ Billy took his hand from Steve’s butt and put it on the other one’s dick.

Steve moaned and bumped against the wall behind him when Billy started to move his hand at just the right pace.

Billy’s gaze alternated between Steve’s face and the view of his dick, both deliciously out of control. Billy’s imagination could not have painted a better picture. Steve reacted to every single move of his hands and panted, even more, when Billy took his other hand and stroke his neck and moved it on the other one’s wet chest.

„Fuck...“, Steve murmured, by now unable to control any of his movements.

„Not quite.“, said Billy. He smirked.

Billy could see when Steve was close and passed up the right moment to kiss the other one, while he felt Steve’s dick twitching in his hand and spilling onto his hand belly.

„Oh, fuck“ Steve breathed under the kiss. When he opened his eyes he could see a smug look on Billy’s face. Steve could only imagine of how much trouble he had gotten himself into, but he was dedicated to proving it to himself. „Your turn.“

Billy shrug. „You wish, pretty boy.“ For a second, he looked like he wanted to turn around and leave undone, but then, after exchanging a glance, Steve dropped to his knees just to find himself eye to eye with Billy’s dick.

It would have been a lie to say Steve had never thought about going down on another man. Lately, even Billy had a reappearing role in his imagination, but he never expected to actually translate that thought into action, until he swallowed Billy, feeling the other one’s hands around his neck. Billy moaned almost silent in comparison to Steve but he definitely looked like he was enjoying himself and every move of Steve’s mouth.

„Too fuckin’ pretty...“ Billy uttered. He could feel the smirk on Steve’s face, while he was making all the right noises to drive Billy

mad. That was obviously not what he had imagined this shower to end but who was he to complain. Despite his own behavior, Billy actually liked Steve. He was an easy target but after all, he was an okay kind of guy and Billy had felt the chemistry between them right from the beginning. Although what he was feeling right now did not come close to any feeling he had before. Billy expected Steve to stop when he was close but instead he seemed to be determined to finish what he started and letting Billy finish right into that pretty mouth that felt better than anything before. Billy whimpered when he came down Steve's throat.

Billy took his hands away from Steve's head and helped him standing up, making the situation kind of weird.

„The water is cold.“, said Steve.

„Pussy.“, replied Billy. He was walking to another shower head to wash away all the remains from their little adventure.

Steve rolled his eyes and turned his water off, walking to his locker and drying himself up.

„Hey Harrington“ Billy had turned the water off and came in his direction again. „Guess it's a tie.“ He shrugged appearing strangely insecure, while still being Billy.

Steve's forehead furrowed. „What do you mean?“

Billy ran a hand through his hair, his mouth curved into a smile. „I was thinking about a rematch.“

Steve's eyes widened while he was at least able to keep his jaw from just dropping.

Billy rolled his eyes and grabbed his stuff. He disappeared before Steve was able to answer this suggestion. In fact, he was looking forward to seeing Billy again and he was sure it would not be that long.

Author's Note:

As I said, it is the first fic I have written. I hope it is

enjoyable. Please feel free to comment and reach out.

Find me on Tumblr (confettibites). I will probably start a longer fic sometime soon.